

JULY, 1921

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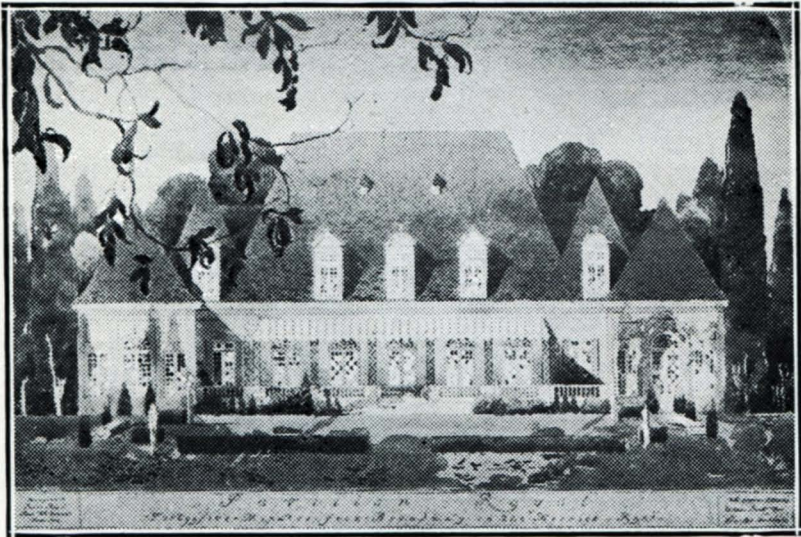
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A
NIGHT
OF
DELIGHT



VOL. 1. JULY, 1921. No. 1

B R E V I T I E S

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INC.

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Thos. O'Connell, Vice-Pres.

Janice Clow
Secy. & Treas.

Knickerbocker Theatre Bldg. 1400 Broadway

Harry Hecheimer, of Counsel

IF I SHOULD DIE TONIGHT!

By La Touche Hancock

*(An original ditty in which the famous La Touche gives a new angle
on an old title.)*

Dear One, if I should die tonight—
It isn't very likely, but I might—
Should I cash in my chips, I say, and go
To realms of happiness, or else below,
What would your heart say then? Would you recall
Those little episodes at rout and ball,
Those midnight suppers at Delmonico's,
And how I took you to the Broadway shows,
And realize the money that I spent
On paying for your hats, and clothes, and rent
Of this, our little Harlem flat? Do you
Think it quite likely that you would be true?
Or would you say, "He was a failure! At the last
His roll gave out, so that pipe dream is past?"
Ah, no! somehow I shouldn't like to think
That you, who through the years have seen me drink,
Could possibly give me that dinkey-dink!
That you, who've watched my daily quaff and quaff,
Could give me at the last the merry laugh!
Ah, no! you wouldn't do it, would you, dear?
What's that? "I needn't have no bloomin' fear?"
'Tis well! If I a damp cold corpse should be,
Those words would haunt me through eternity!

* * * * *

Dear One, if I should die tonight—
I say it isn't likely, but I might—
I'd love to think that you'd be very sad,
And say I was the best you ever had,
That you would whisper, as your last farewell,
"Go peacefully to heaven, or go to—hell!"



DORA MILLS ADAMS

Charming society grande dame in noted screen productions, including "Piccadilly Jim" and "Determination." Miss Adams is celebrated also for her clothes and the grace with which she wears them.



More Famous Cracks

Yours, till the last bootlegger's in jail
—**The Broadway Bum**

Would to God I had ten more wives
to give for my country—**Arthur Hammerstein**

If I can write a country's little red
books I care not who writes its songs
—**Leon Langsfeld**

Hew to the line, let the Chippies fall
where they may—**Mrs. Stokes**

Be sure you're Enright, then go
ahead—**Mayor Hylan**

Dried and found wanting it—**Volstead**

I'll try anything twice—**Ann Luther**

After life's fitful fever I steep well
—**Evvie Nesbit**

Oh, you kid, I'll get you yet—**Undertaker Campbell**

* * *

"The Only Good Indian Is a Dead
Indian

Whether it's true or not they're telling a good story of a certain undertaking foundry that has the reputation of going after 'em, dead or alive. It seems they got an order one time to send one of their cadaver experts down to a Broadway hotel, in a room of which a sweet deceased awaited. The bad news egg went down, and walking up to the desk stated his mission. "Why," the clerk said, "there must be some mistake; I just sent up two highballs to 341 for that guy." "Can't help it" replied the burial bird, "he's reported dead and dead he must be." So up he oozed, to find the (supposed) sweet deceased actually finishing up highball No. 2, but in a truly serious condition with something or other. Now, the graveyard agent, despite his occupation, had a little feeling left, also a little medical knowledge, and he sent out and got such restor-

atives and tonics as soon got the patient on speaking terms with regular breathing. Then Mr. Cemetery Specialist reported back to his master. "What," yelled the undertaker, "you don't mean you revived that guy? And did us out of a first-class funeral? Get to hell out of here!" And they say he "got."

* * *

Hurry Little Squirrels, for the Doc!

Is there no way of suppressing Old Doc Crane? Really this thing is getting serious. He's off to Europe, and here's what he sends back to the guilty *Globe* from the rolling deep.

"I have discovered the centre of the universe. It is very wonderful and comforting. I am the centre of the universe. In a minute this morning this flashed on me, and the puzzle of the ages was solved. The whole cosmos revolves around me. I am the axis . . . The big and the little dippers whirl around the polestar, Antares winks and Venus glows and Halley's comet comes and goes—for me. . . I don't imply that you are not also the centre of the cosmos. In fact you are, everybody is."

Many a guy is butting his head against the wall in the Bellevue psychopathic ward for much less than that.

* * *

Hero Dead at His Post

There's lots of crool news in the papers, boys, but seldom do you see anything so heartrending as this. One of the dailies tells of a doctor out west who dropped dead while writing a prescription for hootch!

* * *

They "Got the Drop" on This Place!

We heard an odd story of a recent dry raid. In this particular place the thirsty ones had been served in ginger ale "splits" and the empties had been thrown in a corner of the storeroom. When the sleuths descended, not a

drop of booze was to be found in the place—that is, not yet. But the Volsteadians finally came across the empty splits in the back closet. Now, as you know, there's always a tiny bit remaining in the best emptied container. So the dear sweet sleuths gathered all the bottles, about 400 in number, and after four hours spent in draining them got enough hootch to make about one inch in a glass. With this evidence the damn—pardon us—the dear gentlemen departed.

* * *

Must pay our respects to a young chap, fast making himself a reputation in the detective profession. This is Ralph Vatner, of 311 Albany Ave., Brooklyn. Ralph has already handled some big cases, and once he "goes after" anything or anybody, the returns are all in. As we've tried Ralph out, we can certify to it.

* * *

On a recent charming Sunday afternoon in Mabel Hunter's apartment, one of the "celebs" present was Miss Winifred Harris, accompanied by no less a brother-in-law than Major Ernest Lambard of "Snap Shots of 1921." Winifred happens to be of the delightful type of cultivated Englishwoman, but until she consented to sing "Rose in the Bud" at the piano none of us realized we had a distinguished artiste present. No one thought of releasing her before she had sung the lovely air a full dozen times.

* * *

Phil Baker will join "Bee" Palmer and the sensational array of supporting stars at Cafe de Paris and Little Club, opening the 25th

* * *

There is an excessively tiresome female by the name of Blythe Sherwood, who has for several years been inflicting very bad verse on a helpless public in fugitive corners of the press. To add to our misery this blythe spirit now appears with a "book" page in a new weekly called "Gossip," the first line reading: "Does the author of.... believe in fairies?" If we are not mistaken we once heard an hilariously funny tale of the infatuation of this same shemale for a scribe rather prominently connected with old Doc. Riesefeld's press dept. Whether the limp preceded or followed this distinguished *affaire d'amour*, we wot not.

The Steals from BREVITIES

go merrily on. A few months ago we invented the elliptical period. Just like this. . . . Now you can find our invention blooming all over the linotypes. Even Don Cockroach Marquis of the *Sun* has annexed it. . . . All our other "features" in headings, punctuation and phraseology have been swiped wholesale by conscienceless pirates of the press. But there's one satisfaction—they at last got something to varnish their literary deadwood. To twist Dr. Johnson's saying a bit—we're not only bright ourselves but the cause of brightness in others!

* * *

The "founder" of Asbury Park, James A. Bradley, is dead. You don't mean to insinuate the other guy still lives who invented Ocean Grove!

* * *

What is the difference between a successful miner and Lou Davis? The difference is, Penelope, that a successful miner stakes good claims and Lou Davis claims he has good steaks. (This way out, please!)

* * *

Hash Foundry Cogitations

When a restaurant breaks into society it's called a cafe.

* * *

After eating an Italian dinner you can be found in the dark.

* * *

A rotisserie is a place where a married man revives his memories of chickens.

* * *

Order soup at Mother Childs and you can often lay in your winter supply of tacks.

* * *

When the beanery cat disappears, sidestep the hash.

* * *

In fly-time don't get fooled on the butter being blueberry pie.

* * *

Why worry about shellac when you can drink table d'hote "coffee"?

* * *

We can tell you an eatery where you'll find the hardest boiled eggs in town.

* * *

Did You Know Them When?

It's no disgrace to be poor, and it's no disgrace to graduate from the realm of manicuring and kitchen mechanics to the stage or screen. But

you'd think it would be a hell of a handicap. Nevertheless, one of the surprising phenomena of the footlights and the Cooper-Hewitts is the number of dolls who've "did" this same thing and are getting away with it. If we remember rightly Martha Mansfield yelled "cash" in the old days. Gertie Hoffman worked as an "extra" at at the old Alcazar, San Francisco, for \$3.00 per week. Dear little Gracie La Rue, who makes us all so tired, was once buried in a cheap act with hubby No. 1, Old Charley Burke, for which they must have got every cent of fifty per. Switching from the nineteenth century to the twentieth, there is Phoebe Lee, who a few years ago was a manicure on West 46th. Little Lillie Walker was once a ten per photographer's model in Brooklyn. But why extend this agonizing record.

* * *

Why not try your luck in the \$100.00 prize competition offered by Winthrop Smith & Co., 1556 Broadway—this sum to be paid the writer of the best letter containing a prophecy on the financial situation in this country?

* * *

Willard Barse — A Reminiscence

His many friends who have heard of Willard Barse's present successful hotel venture in Springfield, Mass., will recall the turbulent history of his ventures a few years ago, with the Nassau Hotel, Long Beach, and the old Holland House. However, it was not so many of even his inner circle of acquaintances who were familiar with the "inside" disturbances of that twin management. Although financially harassed during most of the time that he ran the Nassau, which for some reason or other, refused to become a paying proposition, Barse was sufficiently misguided to take over the Holland House, then but a shadow of its once glorious self, and to try to inject life in its moribund carcass. Almost from the first day, he was besieged by creditors, including the Nassau "help" who, one and all, chefs, headwaiters, bus boys and chambermaids used to make weekly pilgrimages to New York to bombard the unlucky Barse in the fastnesses of his Fifth Avenue hostelry. Sometimes he had 'em held off for four and five weeks, hoping against hope, his marvelous suavity being sufficient to disarm the most infuriated "collector." With his bank, the Irv-

ing, he was obliged to execute tailspins and nose-dives worthy of a champion ace. Of course, there could be only one result—bankruptcy, which proceeding, we believe, has but recently been concluded....No host could be more charming than Barse; and we recall a wonderful week-end about 1915 at the Nassau with S. Jay Kaufman, as his guests, that will forever live in alcoholic memory. Not even the hunks of gum we saw on the table-lamps during Barse's regency at the Holland, could impair the recollections of that over-Sunday Niagara of highballs.

* * *

Important Statement by Wortzman, Inc.

There has been so much talk of the new movement in Paris to lengthen women's skirts (no, Dr. Straton has nothing to do with it) that we decided to consult the foremost designer of women's clothes in New York about it. So it didn't take long until we sat in Wortzman's, Inc., 25 West 57th, and heard Mr. Wortzman's dictum on this most engrossing subject for feminine minds. Said he: "I entirely disapprove of the agitation in European fashion centres as to the elimination of the short skirt. I do not know of a single logical reason for it, either as regards mode or morals. But I DO know of excellent reasons against it."

I am positively and unqualifiedly for retaining the short skirt, and will give you a few points of the many in its favor that would occur to my mind.

- (1) It allows women to show a pretty calf and foot.
- (2) Dancing goes on forever—who will deny it is of preeminent utility in dancing.
- (3) Its comfort is perfect.
- (4) The short skirt gathers no germs.
- (5) In my own modes it can be cut with marvelous smartness.

Yes, let us cut American styles for American women. You can't change jazz to the old waltz steps—and the short skirt is almost indispensable to jazz steps. You'll have as hard a job putting a piece on the short skirt as in making the mermaids at Long Beach wear two-piece suits. Let us get this crazy idea of "European styles" out of our heads. We have

now in America the foremost designers and the smartest modes of the whole world. Let smartness and style, like charity, begin and stay at home."

* * *

Hattie Terrifies Us

If Hattie Underhill of the *Tribune* isn't the champion self-interviewer of the world, we lose the bet. Hattie annoys us severely. Hattie breezes around "interviewing" sundry stars and starines, but Go'bly-me if she'll tell you anything they said, that is, admitting they had anything to say. All you hear is what Hattie herself said about short skirts, the situation in Yap, lip-sticks, hot-water bottles, corns, chiropractic, and what not. The interviewees don't get a word in edgewise. It wouldn't be so tough if Hattie had anything interesting herself. But she's about as funny as a medical almanac. Not to say she isn't kittenish. She's as frisky as a young colt in a pasture. In between frisks she log-rolls Hey Broun....Hattie's becoming very terrifying.

* * *

On a Schuyler "Busy"—June 13,
2:45 P. M.

"Grace, I had the funniest experience.... You know my eyes have been bothering me. Well, I went to the oculist and he stuck up the cutest card—and what do you think? I said the X was ZED. Mind you, ZED—instead of ZEE. I was so mortified. Did you ever hear anything, Grace, so amusing..... Do you think you'll go with us tomorrow, dear? Oh, please do. I want you. You know—someone in the party I can talk to! (Giggles).... Oh, say, here's the greatest joke. We had just the loveliest time you know at the shore yesterday, but I wasn't going to stay—Joe wanted to see me. But you know that Altman chap—he's a manager or something—he looked straight at me in the cutest way, and said, 'Won't you please stay for my sake?' I really couldn't refuse. He's really very nice, too—It did Joe good anyway—I said, 'You see someone admires me' (More giggles).... Now, Grace, you must come. Just tell Reggie I insist on it.... Well, I guess that's all dear—bye-bye."

* * *

We understand Wortzman, Inc., 25 West 57th, are holding a remarkable sale of summer "models," including

suits, frocks and coats, on which they are slashing 50%. A Wortzman creation at any price is a gem, but the chance of getting one of these charming suits or frocks at half price ought to be enough to tempt any woman. IMPORTANT—Take this item with you when you go.

* * *

ON OUR COVER

this month, please witness the very delightful reproduction of Grace Manning, of famous Folies Bergere. Grace first saw the light in Canada's aristocratic centre, Toronto, where her parents live, and where Gracie dutifully repairs every once in a while in filial duty. Since coming to New York she has made so many friends, first in her stage work and later as chief hostess in several of the great Salvin-Thompson establishments, that in a Popularity Contest she would afford you the first safe bet of your life. For six months or more Grace has graced the Folies Bergere at 50th and Broadway, an ever-increasing favorite from her sweetness, tact and charm. And the friends of her home city will insist on seeking her out, as we found her the other evening flanked by three members of the Province of Ontario parliament. Despite many offers to appear at the footlights, Grace finds her present popular environment so much to her liking that it looks as though she neither can nor will leave it.

* * *

Ever see a better-humored chap than Joe Robert of the "Crystal Room" at Reisenweber's? Joe deserves his standing as one of the most popular headwaiters in New York's restaurant world.

* * *

Just because we had missed the show Bennie Davis came to our table late the other night, bringing one of the band with him, and sang us some of his famous ditties. You win—"Make Believe," "Nobody's Baby" and "All for You." We could lie back forever and hear Bennie sing.

* * *

Ever hear Phil Kornheiser, master lieutenant of Feist's, give one of his analytic discourses on the advertising art? If Phil gets out of a job in 1965, he'll still be in the ring to run Printer's Ink or boss the Publicity Lecture Course at Columbia.



Meet PAUL WHITEMAN,

*of that ever-lovin' band, rendering his favorite "Cherie," the
present sensational hit with publisher, LEO FEIST.*

Order of the Golden Duck for Harry Weber

We hear there is on foot a movement to confer the Golden Duck Order of the Special Number on old Harry Weber. Only two magazines have been discovered to date that Harry hasn't promised a "Harry Weber Number." But, durn yer pumpkins, he goes right off and fergets about it! If ever there was a subject for Doc Roth's Memory Course, Harry is the boy. He just strolls here, there and everywhere promising "Harry Weber Numbers." If you meet Harry on a windy corner he doesn't bid you the time of day, as anyone else would, or ask if you've laid up any hootch, or exclaim how hot it is—No—the instant you get near him he rushes over and asks: "Would you like a Harry Weber Number?" Harry has such a playful way of saying it, he's so genial and care-free about it, you really can't get mad. It's just as though he snored in his sleep or put horse-radish on his clams—you couldn't criticise him for that, now could you? Well, we're not all alike it seems. For not everybody has Harry's sense of humor, his happy gift of pleasantry. So we hear that, after promising a "Harry" number to the *Telegraph* one time, they actually insisted—have they any sense of humor on that sheet?—yes, actually insisted he carry out his promise. Harry is said to have felt awfully hurt at them. Then another publication, another promisee, reminded Harry. He was hurt again—right in the same place. The nasty, heartless things! But we were told that THIS time Harry actually fulfilled his bid. Do you query WHY? Then we're entirely too nice to tell you. But he DID.

Ask Harry—"he knows."

* * *

Is it true that little Peggy La Bree is secretly wed to a certain wealthy broker? Why so mysterious, Peggy?

* * *

Now that good music has failed to get even a tumble out of the Zoo denizens, how about trying the other kind on 'em? What a chance for Harry Solloway!

* * *

Can you dance the new "Cootie Crawl"?

Audrey's Cheese-Cloth Days

Announcement of the showing of "Heedless Moths," the Audrey Munson picture, a couple of weeks ago, following the series of articles in the *Sunday American*, starts the durn old recollectin' business. In memory we travel way back to the William Morris days of the New York Roof, and as in a dream we see Audrey about 11 p. m. standing Minerva-like on the stage, arrayed in a friendly smile and about three yards of cheese-cloth. Strong men, with seats in the toupee row, were known to break down and cry pitifully, while the orchestra just beneath her often became so unstrung (no pun) that they missed more bars than were on Times Square. We used to sit right under the apron, affording a view of Audrey's legs balanced on an angle of around forty-five degrees, and it was no place for a nervous man. Oh, those wondrous legs, on which you could count the tiny blue veins running here, there and everywhere until they hid behind the life-saving bandage of cotton girdle, all that protected the poor gel from the truant breeze and the 47th Street station. But the cheese-cloth didn't protect her long, for after two or three showings—and lucky were the eggs who got round in time—came forth from the vested constabulary the order that Audrey must either have more cheese-cloth or take the air. And begorra more she had. How the dear, shrinking creature ever survived this blow at her lofty ideals of pose *au naturel* history does not disclose, but Willie Morris no doubt felt just as badly about it as she.

* * *

In a Cabaret

JED—"Whaddiya say that guy's business is?"

FRED—"Why he handles stock-ings."

* * *

Heights

"She said you were the brainiest man she'd ever met."

* * *

"Here, old top, is the hundred you let me have at Christmas!"

* * *

Caruso's top-note in *Celeste Aida*.

The Tale of the Grey Sweater

A Story of the Man Now Come into His Own in a Swivel Chair at
a Large Walnut Desk—All He Once Saw on the Floor
was Sawdust—Now it's Velvet

We saw his name on the door-plate while passing through Forty-fifth Street the other day, and went in to renew a fragmentary personal acquaintance of years. In the course of the conversation we had a great laugh about the tradition of the Grey Sweater.

This immortal garment was worn by him in all the years he devoted to making the awkward squad of the chorus a pulsating, artistic entity.

Synonymous with rehearsals was this sweater, soon becoming his trademark and the symbol of the stern discipline that in his seemingly inspired hands worked such wonders in the production of New York's greatest artistic successes.

Some eight years ago Broadway talked night and day of the Grey Sweater.

It sounds like the title of one of Conan Doyle's stories, but it isn't.

When the Grey Sweater was mentioned chorines turned pale and haughty stars clutched at the nearest stage prop or sent one of the stage-hands for a bracer.

As the mothers in Ireland once hushed their babes into silence by mention of the name of Cromwell, so the mysterious vocables "The Grey Sweater" precipitated a silence back stage as profound as that which a five a. m. hubby encounters as he climbs the stairs with his shoes off.

Here's a man for you who has crowded into a short period as much incident, as much example of struggle, of ability to do trifles with dignity, of persistent inventiveness and aspiration, of distinguished achievement as most men as successful as he pack in a whole lifetime.

But how wise in his generation was The Man with the Grey Sweater!

He was cruel to be kind.

We recall the comments made, many years ago, by our revered male parent on the occasions when he "went on location" with us with a very large carpet slipper.

He invariably told us it hurt him much worse than us. We didn't believe it, nor his further statement that it was for our own good in this world and in that which is to come.

Now we know he was right. And we'll wager that every member of the numberless choruses whipped into shape with unbending severity came to know that all the success they enjoyed was due to it.

What they also soon learned was that behind this man's austerity were the kindest and most human heart and head in the world.

During the pleasant hour we spent in his beautiful offices on 45th Street our Man of the Grey Sweater reminisced on the record of his varied career.

Yes, he was born in Pittsburgh. As soon as he learned to walk, however, he led his parents gently but firmly to Chicago, and here we find the future shaper of stars in a School of Acting, and appearing in amateur productions.

Now, the old, old story of gifted chaps. He was "noticed" by the great Charles Hoyt, and soon the Kid is "carrying a spear in "Carmen" with Olga Nethersole. Then Otis Skinner, Walker Whiteside and Julia Stuart, the latter known as the Julia Marlowe of the West.

This man contends, and we know of no one to successfully dispute it, that during his run with Miss Stuart in "Camille," he invented "rag-time." One night he walked over to the piano, and gave an improvisation with feet and fingers of the syncopated emanations that, like the Lexington rifle-shot, were soon to be "heard round the world." He became known as the Creator of Rag-time and in the theatrical Hall of Fame his storied bust will so proclaim.



Indeed, May Irwin heard of the rag-time genius, sent for him, and soon we find him playing and singing his own composition "Syncopated Sandy" with her at the Bijou Theatre. He was presently invited to the homes of the socially elect, a ninth wonder of that day.

Of course you don't imagine the youngster is going to stand still very long after this sensational entrance. You're right. 1898 finds him a full-fledged song-writer. Comes forth from his restless brain part of the books and lyrics of "By the Sad Sea Waves," a musical melange in which, with Matthews and Bulger, he played almost every town then marked on the map of these *Etats Unis*. Just think what a store of experience and knowledge he was laying up for brilliant deeds to come.

(Continued in August issue)



BETTY MARTIN

Popularly known on Broadway, who has just returned from an extended trip visiting her mother in Claremore, Okla. Betty has done screen work with such notabilities as Tommy Meighan and Alice Brady.

Ravings of a Times Square Squirt

The old and famous Lane that leads from vernal Bowling Green
 To Harlem's turbid tides and on to Yonkers' motley scene
 Is quieter these times, me boys, than e'er it was before
 The wrens are in the mountains and the *roues* at the shore
 With what a sweetly dismal clang the "Frolic" doors went shut
 No more the high-powered chorines there upon the Roof will strut
 Dolores is a memory now, and so is Kathryn Perry
 And Frances White and Billy Rock and little Mabel Ferry
 But few remember 'bout the glass Bee Palmer one time smashed
 So that dear Fontaine's tootsies got most execrably gashed
 Nor 'bout the little tooter of the skin of midnight hue
 Who used to give rehearsals in a dress-room built for two
 Alas! the laughter and the tears, the miming and the jest
 Are gone to join old Nineveh and Tyre and all the rest
 They do say dear old Paris is so packed with Broadway dolls
 You'd think you were at 47 lamping at the Molls
 Sweet Joan's furore now seems o'er, no more do the big town's
 Gay boys and cavaliers talk of her beauty and her gowns
 But such is fame, or rather age, it's hell to get *passee*
 Past thirty's a grandmother on the fickle old Rye Way
 Hyson & Dickson are a team that makes us all most tired
 Poor Dorothy still has the hunch she's for her youth admired
 They always gave us headaches but just now they are a trial
 When gunning for more "covers" from the famous Palais Royal
 They say Old Doctor Baer who was the Campbell press-stuff elf
 Has come to life and right now is "in funerals" for himself
 Pray, what's become of Evvie's suit against her hubby Jack
 And is it true, as birdie chirps, that he with Ann is back
 What are the real "insides" of the great Al Hayman will
 What part did Ann's dear muma play, why has she kept so still
 Oh, where, oh where is Billy Long, and little Liza Mayne
 Who once were so vociferous, now only silence deign
 And where does Harry Keller, "just a good man"— he admits
 Get all the flossy heiresses he dinners at the Ritz
 And wa'n't that sweet the way dear Bonnie's hubby Ali Haggin
 Paid up the little judgments and escaped a lot of naggin'
 And don't you think that Bonnie after all this cruel ra-za
 Will moderate her Ritzy airs and cut out being Plaza
 Oh, what's the use, the whole durn town seems to be on the bum
 We're going out for bitters to appease our aching tum

Opening of the Shelburne

Hostess Miss Cora Morlan, is to be congratulated on the success attending the opening of the Shelburne at Brighton on the evening of the 2nd. Although the weather was anything except summer-like, there was a big crowd, a fine impromptu entertainment and a most excellent dinner at a moderate price. Miss Morlan, we believe, comes from a recent very distinguished career of society publicity to the hostess-ship of the Shelburne, and her charming courtesy ought to prove one of the big assets of this seaside rendezvous.

* * *

Woof! Woof! "The Day of the Dog."

Two years ago we carried an exclusive story on the disappearance of Ada Mae Weeks' beloved bow-wow. No sooner had we chronicled a safe return from his truancy in Central Park and along the upper reaches of the Drive than Broadway was shaken from the Flatiron to the Circle by the news the Lillian Spencer kyoodle had folded up his lil tail and gone off on a clandestine appointment with a lady

woof, whereat Lillian was dissolved in tears and taxi-fares for two whole weeks. Her sobs hardly had died away when our pages bore another "scoop" story, this time concerning flapper Kay Laurell's pesky Pom who, instead of playing tag around the corner, had unceremoniously kicked the bucket, and been made more glorious in death than life by a formal funeral. About this time we were getting pretty sick of these durn dogs, and permitted the Dog Editor to go off on a much-needed vacation. But hardly had he packed his two bottles of home-brew when another famous canine got under a truck on 52nd Street, and the Land of Woof received the spirit of Evvie Nesbit's "Nanette." Evvie no doubt had heard of the august obsequies vouchsafed the Laurell purp, so she decided to follow suit with an elaborate interment. And by golly she did. With the result that "Nanette"—a little dog with almost human affection, as we can personally attest—was laid to rest in a lace-trimmed ivory casket in the dew-gemmed Hartsdale hills. There the briar and honeysuckle blow above "Nanette," fit guardians of her gentle soul.

CAROLYN NUNDER GOWNS



29 EAST 48th STREET
NEW YORK

Hurrah!

We've landed the real monicker on another of the movie dolls. LEAT-RICE JOY. For this we are indebted to a very attentive young lady contributor. However, you're anxious so we'll hurry. "Leatrice Joy" was borned in N'Orleans just plain Leatrice Joy Ziedler....Mrs. Jack Gilbert in private life.....Now, boys, don't fuss—we've still got to find out how "Louise Lovely" pinned the roses on herself.

* * *

The Tale of Sir Mack and Sir Samuel

Is it true that little Mabel Normand has switched back to the Bathing King?

The use of the charming locution "switched back" will revive in your mind her former years as protegee of Sir Mack Sennett. Sir Mack is the guy who put the beef in bathing suits and the nude in mermaid. Well, everything was jake—that is to say, nice and pleasant—until long came Sir Samuel Goldfinger, known more generally under the alias of Goldwyn. What did Sam do but go and steal cutie away from Mack. 'Twas a low-down trick, me hearties, but time brings its revenges, for as stated in the opening of our scenario lil Mabel not long ago put on reverse gears and is once more under the banner of the Bathing King. There's a whole lot more sob stuff about the affair we can't very well spill, but there'll be a few to whom it is no news that it was under the Goldfinger regime that lil Mabel got relief from a very annoying habit she had had for a long time. Yet strangely enough, though she had the gent with the funny handle principally to thank for this deliverance, the testimony of a caller in her apartment at the time does not prove much as regards her bump of gratitude, as it was her habit as Sir Samuel was exiting to place her fingers to her face in that familiar position in which the thumb presses against the nose! However, it's just as well to let bygones be bygones, and with everything now "as you were" and no especially hard feelings in any section of the triangle, all is as happy as a guy with hootch in a ginger ale party.

* * *

"Due Bills"—And Hotel Joyce

As you well know, dear reader, there are tricks in all trades but our own,

and that's all tricks. Did you ever get mixed up with the hotel "due-bill" proposition? Through some reputable agency, or possibly by private purchase, you become armed with one of these cute slips, entitling you to accommodation "at regular rates," for a given period of time. Holidays, the December-March interval and now and again Saturdays and Sundays are excepted. Clear of that, you are happy as a clam in the prospect of hospitality purchased very likely at advantageous rates—happy, we mean, until you PRESENT the due-bill! When you stick it in front of the "room-clerk" you suddenly feel a change in the temperature. As the Scripture has it "the form of his visage is changed." The smile with which he greeted you has made a fade-out like that of a chorus girl invited on a Staten Island boat ride. It's usually either "not a room left" or you are shown a cell second floor back in which the sun will shine if the building ever gets blown up by dynamite. But there's worse and more of it. You find the "regular rates" have become distended like a dying toy rooster. Suites you could get on cash terms at \$27.00 get so scared by your due-bill they hop ten and twelve berries per. All in all you're as welcome as Francis Wilson would be at a Cohan opening. That our story has no ingredients of fiction you will believe when we add that it is a personal experience with Hotel Joyce, on 71st Street. This is the caravansary with the entrance almost large enough to take in a trunk and an umbrella, said to be owned by the extremely irritating movie queen, Alice Joyce, and run by her brother. Funny thing, but when we called there one day, and happened to see a Japanese bell-hop, our memory suddenly got in action. We ruminated, "Can this possibly be the place of the care-free days of some seven or eight years since, at that period completely manned and navigated by Japanese, where they were VERY hospitable to midnight couples?" Now, we don't say for certain, but the sight of that young Jap brought back many thrilling recollections. The house was then of course under different proprietorship. In any case the Joyce management ought to be ashamed of themselves for their duplicity in the matter of due-bills accepted in good faith and so dishonorably sidestepped.

"Old Millionaire" at It Again

What was all the fusilladin' for about Mr. M— (a millionaire guy with four "cars" in his string) runnin' off with the hail and sleet of actor S—, said to be "doing time" in the Joyce Hotel? We know there was an awful yell set up by hubby, who went the rounds of the gossip mags, trying to auction off the story for three or four hundred berries. As no magazine we know of ever saw that much kale at one time, the deal didn't materialize. So everybody will just have to be patient and wait until the sleuths finish up their work on the "old millionaire" wife grabber, the prints are handed to the legal luminaries and papers served and filed.

* * *

Is it true it was the "Funeral Church" that invented the slogan: "We bury others—why not you?" How about, "If not now—eventually."

* * *

This Musician "Flatted" Too Much

Boys, under-cover-club stuff will "out," sure as you live! Here's Mrs. Esther Siemon who goes a-shopping

on the Avenue. Notices that the pretty saleslady signs the sales-check "Siemon." Couple of hissing hists! Similarity of handles is commented on, and the dear young sales doll confides that she's the wife of a musician and that they punch the old bell at 210 West 70th street. More hists, and one or two Ha, Ha's if you can spare 'em. For Mrs. Esther Siemon had hitched up with a musician herself. One Carl C. Siemon. Off she trots to 210 West 70th and there finds hubby and the sales wren living as man and wife. . . Enter Justice Tierney with the alimony stuff. Esther is to get \$50.00 per and \$250.00 pending trial of the suit. Hubby played on the wrong fiddle.

* * *

Hat-checking gets to be one of the popular indoor sports when you hand your kelly to a nice girl such as Marie Dengel, of the Little Club. Marie is a great favorite with guests, with a bright smile and pleasant greeting for one and all. If you insist on calling her "Sweet Marie," why, we're not going to get mad about it.

Joe Pani, of Woodmansten Inn

begs to announce that

CASTLES-BY-THE-SEA

LONG BEACH

will re-open

MAY 28th

"Good Morning! Has J. M. B. Spoofed You?"

This is the very newest thing in summer greetings. That is, as addressed to sundry Broadwayines, including the chorus, the cabaret and the hostess beauties. Oh, yes, the **hostesses** in particular. J. M. B. seems to have an overwhelming yen for them hostesses. Show him a hostess and he quivers from stem to stern. Show him a hostess and he'll make a date to buy her the Woolworth Building. As for proposing marriage—why, he's got the minister and the honeymoon trip doped out within five minutes after his Rogers Peets hit the chair. He'll propose to a hostess in one cafe, plan the wedding trip, and settle \$200,000 on her, then go to another cafe and do it right over again. One very popular and charming Broadway hostess decided she'd "call" the bird on this. At one o'clock next day they were to taxi down to his bank in Wall Street, and draw out the \$200,000. They started sure enough. But what a bunch of calls that bimbo had to make. Every second block on the way down he recalled an appointment. By the time the old tin rattler hove to in front of the bank, the chimes were announcing three bells. In he rushed, only to return in a minute. "Just my luck," the cuckoo said—"one minute too late." Imagine the doll's feelings—one minute too late for \$200,000!! Wouldn't that jazz your interiors? . . . Then he disappeared for a week. When he showed up, it was to report a flop in Texas Oil that had wiped him out. . . . Oh, we forgot! . . . When they hit back from Wall street that day he borrowed the taxi fare from the doll.

* * *

Nathan Diagnosed

Literary critics have argued for months as to what really ailed George Jean Nathan. One said he was suffering from adjective hemorrhages; another from the effects of a malarial seizure, 1912; another from fatty degeneration of the bump of self-esteem. You're all wrong, brothers! Pal of ours, an eminent medical sharp, diagnoses the trouble as auto-toxaemia. In other words, faulty elimination. This is said to give rise to the most frightful ganglionic and verbal disorders. Well, if it's as bad as that with George, we'd sooner not hear about H. L. M.

This Ol' Boat Sure Does Rock!

According to a friend of ours they're certainly swatting visitors up at a place known as the "Flotilla." He oozed in there with a chum the other evening, to see how the ship rocked, and after two coffees and two wedges of French pastry, the old boat lurched with a check of \$4.00, so badly they were nearly washed overboard. When you can patronize one of the wonderful Salvin-Thompson restaurant places on Broadway, and listen to a \$1,000 a week orchestra, often with entertainers thrown in (paying a cover of only \$1.00), you would be pardoned for remarking the colossal nerve of an upper Sixth Avenue eatery that levies on its patron in this manner.

* * *

Vacation Note

Walter Kingsley will just be back from his annual outing at Atlantic City as you con these liting lines. It's the funniest thing—every year the new Follies hears that Walter is ozoning at the two-piece bathing resort, they rush right down there and open!

* * *

Popular Fellers

Leon Bergman
Signor Valoft
Lou Davis
Phil Kornheiser
Jimmie Thompson
Palace Pierce
Maurice Gertner
Fred Coates
Moe Gumble
Leon Langsfeld
S. L. Rothafel
Claude Greneker
Harry Hecheimer
Elmer Rogers
Sam Salvin

* * *

Ye Ed and his much better half are still talking of those delightful little dinners in Mabel Hunter's comfy apartment. Mabel has won our souls by her home-cooking, and still more by the charm of her hospitality.

* * *

Joe Berman Held in \$1,000.00 Bail

In Jefferson Market Police Court, on June 7th, Joe Berman was arraigned on a charge by E. E. Raff, Treasurer of Alliance Printing Corp., of having given complainant a bad



Just PRINCESS JOSEPHINE DE FORREST (recently of Cafe de Paris) in one of her most charming poses. Josie is every bit as sweet as she looks, and has also lots of intellect—and then some.

check for \$455.00, said check being dated Feb. 11 last. Since that time operatives have been seeking Berman to serve a summons, and about a month ago, Ralph Vatner, a brilliant young sleuth in the service of detective Howard Strong, succeeded in getting the old boy cornered in his brother-in-law's store at 737 Lexington Ave. The rest was easy. Joe brought to court his redoubtable attorney, Miles Rosenbaum (or something that sounds like it), while Mr. Raff was represented by that irresistible legal light, Harry Hecheimer. On the 8th, Justice Ten Eyck held Berman in \$1,000.00 bail for the Grand Jury. . . . Berman was for about two years "distributor" to newsstands for BREVITIES. . . . BREVITIES has a few other little scores to settle with "Joe," in particular the absent-minded way in which he stuffed the

entire collections of the February issue in his pocket and forgot all about turning them in.

* * *

This Bird Is Good For 50 Years Yet!

We mean old man Livezey—get that knob on a centenarian!—of Catonsville, Md., who has run off 102 birthdays. The other day he put in his false teeth and told the world he thought short skirts were "just fine." A man of his eyesight, not to say pep, ought to go under the wire at 150 easily.

* * *

This informs a waiting public that Counsellor Myron Sulzberger has moved uptown to new offices at 565 Fifth Avenue, where litigious projects will no doubt be handled with neatness and despatch as heretofore.

According To All Reports the New "Pavilion Royal"

at Valley Stream, L. I., has set the standard in "road-houses" for elegance, charm and—success. It's a new "thrill" for Broadwayites. The building and surrounding gardens are in the heart of the estate of the old French Seigneur, M. de Lussac, a refugee of the French Revolution. The fine shade trees date from his time, but of the structures virtually no trace remains. The immense new "chateau" is an adaptation from the 17th century; thus you can see what a lot of historic charm awaits at Pavilion Royal. Gil Boag's skilled hand has been instrumental in making of the vast interior a triumph of decoration. The kitchen is presided over by the noted "Alfred" of the old Hotel Knickerbocker. Paul Whiteman contributes his justly celebrated dance music. There is of course but one King of Syncopation—and hundreds are his willing slaves each night at this fascinating resort.

We've been hearing so durn much of Ralph Farnum up and down Broadway, both from performers and dyed-in-the-wool White Lighters that it was with great pleasure we met this dynamic chap last week. He sure appears to be a regular, and judging by what we have heard of his ability to place acts, we think he would be our choice as an agent. And several lil birdies have told us Ralph is quite a fast stepper with the women. Indeed from all we can gather he's just a good man following in the footsteps of the "only" Walter Kingsley. We're going to try to get him to take a minute or two off from booking acts and ask about his lil red book.

* * *

Is Harry Hecheimer Married?

"Who cares?"—Muriel Spring
 "Of no interest!"—Kathleen Manion
 "He'd make a delightful hubby"—
 Daisy Jones
 "I hope not"—Eleanor ———
 "They say it's a fact"—Lillian Walker
 "She must have lots of courage"—
 Betty Brown
 "What a tragedy"—Bessie Collins
 "You'd never believe it"—Delyle Alda
 "What a good poppa he'd make"—
 Ruth Valie
 "Is he ever at home?"—Hattie Darling
 "Why should he?"—Marion Ward

* * *

Repartee on the Mall

LITTLE MYRTLE (strenuously pulling back as her mumma tries to walk her through the Park) "I don't want to walk tru here, mumma—I don't like de Park!"

MUMMA: "Now, you just come on with me, Myrtle; if it wasn't for the Park you wouldn't be here!"

* * *

Don Cockroach Marquis

who has had for many months inexplicable effrontery to insult the readers of the *Sun* with his "Archy" filth, ought to note the issue of May 27th under the heading "Roaches are Quoted \$1 each in Court Case." This story relates how one, Max Braunstein, proprietor of a restaurant at 584 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, was fined ten berries for a violation of the sanitary code in that the inspector detected ten roaches dancing round the maypole in his kitchen. This was one dollar for each insect. Don Cockroach Marquis,

A Bad Nose Spoils a Good Face Are You Handicapped?



Woodbury Method shapes noses perfectly
without pain or detention from duties.

Not at all expensive—
fully guaranteed.

Mark nose most like your own and have DR. BAKER, eminent plastic Surgeon-Dermatologist, explain without charge, what can be quickly accomplished for you.

JOHN H. WOODBURY

SAFE—SANE—SURE METHOD

Only at 1648 Broadway, Cor. 51st,
New York.

Next to Winter Garden
Opposite Capitol Theatre

whose reputed fondness for the flowing bowl has probably often caused him to see not only the entire insect family but complete Zoos arrayed on the bedpost, would face a fine of at least a thousand dollars if arraigned for all the cockroaches he has stuck in the *Sun*.

* * *

Milt Hagen, the "flimsy" demon, will go down in history as the guy who put the shimmy in the White House. Coupla weeks ago Milt sent out an item stating that as President Harding passed the Jack Mills offices, they were rehearsing "Strut Miss Lizzie," and close observers thought that the President executed a slight shimmy. Milt KNOWS that he remarked to his wife: "That sure is a great song!" As Milt has started something we may now expect to see from other boosters such press-stuff as this:

"HARPER BROTHERS are pleased to report that on his way with the Queen to open Parliament last Tuesday, King George had his nose buried all the way in their new best-seller, "Newark Ned."

"United Fruit Co. have just re-

ceived a wire from their special cor. at Stuffed Pruno, Brazil, that the banana peel on which President Dozo slipped when he broke his knee-cap was from their new spring crop just ready for shipment."

"It has just been learned by HAIG BROTHERS that their celebrated rum punch will be used by Jack Dempsey for a knock-out in the approaching battle."

"BRENTANO'S beg to announce that Arthur Hammerstein has bought his Little Red Books at their store for the past fifteen years."

"The FUNERAL CHURCH states on the best authority that many of the American troops in France went to their death singing 'The Campbells are Comin.'"

"The manufacturers of NEW-SKIN have been advised that when Lloyd George, during a recent heated speech, skinned his knuckles severely, he calmly took from his vest pocket a vial containing their product."

(Since above was written Milt has joined Frank Bacon to write a dramatic *opus*).

Gus Schult's PAVILION BEN HUR CITY ISLAND, N. Y.

where, after a delightful drive, the wants of the inner man and the artistic desires are satisfied by a *cuisine* extraordinary and dance music entrancing.

¶ GUS greets you at the door.

¶ Special engagement of FRANKIE FARNUM, dancer *eccentrique*, late of the Ziegfeld Frolic.

¶ Prize Contests almost every night.

Farley Sleuths don the Old Rubber Heels and grab "Poor Danny"

When Nabbed, Danny was Singing to the Doll "Love Me and **The World** is Thine"

Gol darn it, won't the Farley sleuths ever let a fellow go off and have a good time? Have they got to be continually buttin' in huntin' under mattresses and behind curtains for harmless hubbies? They are the meanest crowd of joy-killers extant. They're as gloomy as Campbell's on a day when a ship docks without any soldier dead. Just a week or two ago, for instance, they gumshoe in again and spill the beans for Danny Collins.

Danny isn't a bad sort. By day he feeds one of the presses on the esteemed *Morning World*. Ten to one he's a friend to Signor Drake, on the same paper, the hero of the coming Anti-Prohibition parade, and we wish to goodness the Farley boys could have let so well-connected a chap alone.

But it seems that Friend Wife, Mrs. Collins had for some time previous, had her own ideas as to what Danny did with his spare time after the *Bulldog* edition had run through the Hoe machines. So he ups and overs to the Farley Fumigators, and bespeaks a little of their attention for Danny.

Conse-que-ently we find one of their rubber-heel experts making a call on Danny right in his own press-room, the ostensible object being to find out about an auto Danny had for sale. Such encomiastic things did Danny emit about his boiler that the prospective buyer wanted to look at it that very evening. "Ah, not tonight" quoth Danny, with a sly twinkle in that one of his eyes that was not smeared with benzine; "I have a large date tonight, which I must keep."

What does the Farley Night-Rider then do but phone poste-haste to his chief, who assigned two operatives to shadow Danny on this heavy-date evening. At 11 bells Danny left the old *World* structure, trigged up in a brown creation, walking briskly to the tube exit at Brooklyn Bridge. And there waiting for him was as nifty a little bundle of herring as ever tempted a benedict from the straight and narrow. She was all in "pink" and Danny looked tickled the shame color. (And to prove he's soft on pink follow our tale farther.) Well, the happy pair boarded a north-bound Lexington, riding to 149th street, where they alighted, entered a drug foundry, spraying their palates with soda water. Then Danny (who wanted to keep *de rigueur* on the season) blew in a store and fitted hisself with a natty straw lid; then the pair trolleyed to 165th street. And just as the clock in the delicatessen hit on all twelve the cooing love-birds waltzed into Apt. 62 at No. 1021 of the Boston Road.

Here is where the nosey Farleyites get down to copper tacks. They went, durn them, to a roof right in the rear of No. 1021 from which they could discern shadow-pictures on a certain window opposite, said shadow-pictures revealing certain anatomical outlines hinted at in the corset ads. They cast a lead-pencil 'gainst the window. Up went the shade, and lo! there stood Danny, pouring out maledictions at the mysterious intrusion.....Wires now get hot for "wifey" to come at once, and up she bounces convoyed by more "sisters, cousins, uncles and aunts" than ever decorated a Gilbert & Sullivan opera. The hour, mates, is four a. m. The raiding procession formed for a climb to the top floor where Mrs. Smith—this being the name on the door bell—was advised

that a party waited without with a telegram. Although all was in darkness the party walked right in—right onto Danny. And what do we see, me hearties? We see Danny all dressed up in his Spring underwear (two piece, old style) while cutie is perspiring under a PINK kimono. "Dan, Dan!" she yelled—"Oh, my Danny?" She was told by one of the ol' Farley Light Brigade not to be skeered, as the nifty a. m. visit was merely to make sure that Danny was not ill, as some of his remarks when the pencil had hit the pane were not indicative of the best ganglionic condition....."

"Al right, Charlie!" breezed Danny, reco'nising his brudder-in-law—"yu got all yu want.".....After that Old Sol began to rise, and the party bowed out, leaving Danny to resume his amorous but illicit slumbers with the doll who had "waited" not at the church but at the bridge.

GET READY, BOYS—SOME MORE REAL HANDLES!

AS ISN'T
Louise Lovely
Ed. Wynn
Al Jolson
"Frisco"
Belle Baker
Hedda Nova
Robert Warwick
Mary Pickford
Harry Weber
Bert Williams
June Caprice
Irene Rich

AS IS
Louise Carbasse
Israel Leopold
Asa Yoelson
Joe Faulesi
Mrs. Morrie Abrams
Gretchen Hartman
Robert T. Bien
Gladys Smith
?????????
?????????
?????????
?????????

CAPITOL

World's Largest Theatre

Broadway at 51st Street

Subway Station at the Door

Edw. J. Bowes, *Managing Director*

Productions by
S. L. Rothafel

**Displaying the
Superior in
Pictures**

**Gems from
the Operas**

**Famous
Capitol Grand
Orchestra**

WANTED—A Lyric!

¶ The Melody of "Venetian Smiles," a wonderful new Fox-Trot by Billy Baskette, is on page opposite. BREVITIES wants a *Lyric* for it.

¶ The prize for the best lyric submitted will be ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in cash and a contract for one-third of all royalties on the melody.

¶ Here is your chance, Mr. Lyric Writer, to collaborate with one of America's foremost composers. Baskette has written such sensational hits as "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!" "Jerry," "Hawaiian Butterfly," "Ev'rybody Wants the Key to My Cellar," etc., etc. He's a wonder!

¶ And Leo Feist has accepted the melody and will publish it when the Prize Lyric has been decided upon. Phil Kornheiser, Director General of Feist, proclaims "Venetian Smiles" one of the hits of three seasons!

¶ Contest will cover the present (May) and the June and July issues of BREVITIES, after which the winner will be announced.

¶ Send all MSS. to BREVITIES, 1400 Broadway.



Contest closes this (July) issue.
Winner announced in August number!

Venetian Smiles

FOX-TROT BALLAD

MUSIC BY
GILLY BASKETTE

VOICE

The musical score is written on ten systems of staves. The first system includes a vocal line (VOICE) and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written in a lower register. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. A 'CHORUS' section is indicated by a 'CHOR' marking. The score concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

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From "Punch & Judy" Usher to Film Magnate

The Sad Tale of Little Irwin Franklyn, the Demon Director

Lives of Loew and Ince remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Pictures "shot" by Coney's brine.

—Longfellow (*adapted*)

Some such quatrain was no doubt softly hummed by Irwin Fromke, the Boy Press Agent and Demon Publicity Promoter, that vernal May twilight on which he embarked with his trusty picture co. of eight souls for the whispering strand of Coney.

He'd read, doubtless, all the rest of Longfellow and all the tales, thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, of the sudden leaps of genius to the topmost altitudes of fortune and fame out of the sodden and mordant, the lowly and humble abysses of hunger and obscurity. Flamed with a verisimilitudinous passion, the Boy Press Agent was not long in adopting the particular ladder to renown on whose rungs his airy feet might fittest climb.

"Pictures!"—he would be a mighty picture producer! Dave Griffith, Morrie Loew, Sam Goldfish and the rest of 'em would soon find out how it felt to look like a 1920 Kelly on a hot afternoon at Long Beach.

Previous to this resolve, let it be said to Irwin's credit, he was running true to form on prodigies. As Loew once had had his little movie "shootin' gallery" on the Bowery, as Goldfish once had washed dishes in a beanery, so in such humble beginnings had Irwin set the stage for his own debut. He had served as an usher at the "Punch and Judy." He had done a few odd jobs back stage. He had "writ" news items for a western weekly. His comet-like swish into the ether would have all the necessary props.

So the soft and vernal evening alluded to in the prelim. canter of our tale—to be exact, on the Saturday preceding last Memorial Day—finds Irwin and his little "company" of eight landed in a well-known hostelry by the seashore. "Trunks" were due on a later train. They came and they were "due" all right. Twelve dollars was the amount, which in view of the fact that Irwin had already announced he was down to shoot scenes for the Famous Players—the boy's no piker!—was willingly disbursed by the hostelry's manager. "Where's your camera and camera-man" quoth said manager. "Oh, a mere bag of shells" quoth Irwin right back at him. "He'll be along on the next express."

By this time, Irwin's general contour and other puzzling incidents, had excited surmises such as are peculiar to caravansaries in like circumstances. The brave little band of nine were already ensconced in four suites, with a price tag of forty-five fish per diem, and a signed check had just breezed in from the cafe with \$22.50 glued on it! But, as the manager reasoned, any company facing a big Famous Player "feature" would naturally want to have their systems well fortified by food, and he pinned the check on the old hook and waited hopefully for what would break next.

Something "broke" next all right—and it was the Demon Press Agent. For when Monday dawned, no specie of the realm or other collateral unguency had

(Continued on Page 30)

*Introducing to your
kind notice Frankie
Farnum recently of
"Ziegfeld Frolic"
where his success was
big and now enter-
taining crowds nightly
at*



*Gus Schult's famous
Pavilion Ben Hur at
City Island.*

*As an eccentric dan-
cer Frankie has some
"kicks" that put all
his rivals in the
shade.*

FRANKIE FARNUM

of PAVILION BEN HUR

(Continued from page 28)

been expelled by Irwin—nothing but references to the big “scenes” for the Famous and the superfluity of bothering about the mere monetary details seeing that “Mr. Sullivan” of the Brokaw Building, New York, “one of the great powers of the picture business” was right behind the brave little band of nine with a check-book the size of a hombrew headache.

By Tuesday's sun clouds of dark and inky hue began to gather over the head of the Boy Promoter. Where he and his gallant band had eaten for three nights and days no one will probably ever know except the hot-dog fanciers of Surf Avenue, but this the manager knew, that, though the lil band had played the four suites regularly, they had gently but firmly been restrained from putting on the feedbag in his own cafe. Not a sign had appeared of picture-taking, no camera had clicked; the only gelatine the manager had lamped was on Irwin's lapels. And the room bill continued to jump like a buckers taxi clock. So, a council of war was held and the Boy Press Agent was told to “come across” instantler if he and his entourage did not wish to make the acquaintance of a certain solemn individual sitting at a high desk behind two chandeliers.

At this blood-curdling juncture we see, in the distance, a middle-age gentleman coming hurriedly out of the B. R. T. tube. Ha! ha! he is heading this way. And what is that large bundle he carries in his hand? 'Tis a bundle of dough, a whole pile of it, by actual count \$235.00. Why 'tis no other than Irwin's poppa, and he is here to take his Demon Son out of hock.

“Thank you, Mr. Frumkes!” droned in dulcet tones the manager. “I'm very sorry, but you know how it is; I don't know nothin' 'bout the picture game myself. I'm only a TRUNK expert, and those gol darn trunks seemed to sorta keep me awake nights!”

Notable Sayings of Notable Men— (and a Few Skirts)

“Where do babies come from?”—
Jimmie Stillman

“A man may be down but he's never
out”—S. & B.

“Don't I look devilish?”—Nita Naldi
“I'll get you yet”—Undertaker Campbell

“Anything with a kick in it”—Kathryn
Perry

“I invented Portland Cement”—Julius
Keller

* * *

Hampton & Blake are sailing for London after a 39 weeks tour of the Orpheum Circuit. They have in preparation the 2nd edition of “Beaucoup Nuisance,” dialogue by Roy Perkins and songs by Ed Rose, writer of “Oh Johnny,” etc. Will Donaldson, author of “The Lady in Red” will also contribute tunes. Hampton & Blake will resume the Keith Circuit in the autumn.

* * *

Once more: Doesn't “Babe” Ruth and his name give you an AWFUL pain?

Folies Bergere and Palais Royal to Be Open All Summer

It has been decided, on account of undiminished patronage, to keep these two noted restaurants open, through the hot season—which establishes a precedent. Messrs. Salvin-Thompson will of course keep Cafe de Paris and the Little Club right on the broiling season job as heretofore. All of which, in these days of other places closing their doors, is a significant commentary on the marvelous hold which the “Rector” establishments have on the pleasure-seeking public. To add still more to their patrons' joy, Sam Salvin has engaged Bee Palmer to appear nightly at both Cafe de Paris and the Little Club, and Vincent Lopez transfers his jazz orchestra into Folies Bergere, following the departure of Original Dixieland Jazz Band for La Marne, Atlantic City.

* * *

One of 'em Will Get “Trimmed”

Competition has got to such a razor-edge it is said that “The Barbers Journal” and the “Police Gazette” are go-

ing to scissor it out with a barber-shop Popularity Contest. Excitement and lather are running high, with Herpicide a close second, but Old Bay Rum is coming up on the three-quarters. Funny, but the first-named of the entrants is right across the hall from this old Episcopal monthly.

* * *

A Rebuke to the Sallow Fanatics!

One grand jury, 78 out of 85. Another 104 out of 111. Another, 80 out of 90. Meaning indictments refused by the Grand Jury in dry law cases. It was predicted that "juries would not convict." How can you expect normal human beings, actuated by the American spirit of liberty, to act otherwise on the most brazenly tyrannous law ever sneaked on the statute books of a free country.

* * *

After taking care of a few details (Volstead please writ!) Harry Nestler will hit the w. k. ocean wave for London, in which village he will look after some further details for Golwyn Film Co. *Booze voyage*, Harry!

* * *

Ukase on "First Nights"

C. P. Greneker, general press representative of the Shuberts, has sent us the new rulings of first-night openings in their house. It is the intention of the famous theatrical firm to begin all such performances at the advertised time, and tickets are being sold with that express proviso. If you're late, you'll just have to stand during the first act. Nor must the audience leave their seats before the

final curtain. . . Marvelous! But why not make it apply to EVERY night. You know what it is to have people in your row squeeze, knock and push all over you three or four times a night getting to and from their seats.

* * *

A great show, "Honeydew." Saw it for the fifth time t'other evening. It has melody, pulchritude, snap, and substance enough to furnish out two shows. It's a howl from start to end. If Vincent Sullivan only could avoid those awful collisions on the high C's, everything would be perfect.

* * *

A Tip for the Hip

It's a bit mean to let it out, but here's a new one in the familiar game entitled, "Kidding the Revenooers." It's a peach—we release it for general use. You get your prescription from the old medico, paste it on your flask. Take said flask wherever you go—you're a sick bimbo, and that's all there's to that. Sit it on the table—who should worry?—you often get an attack at meals! When it's empty, get it filled again—you're still sick; who should know? Looks like the SOLUTION of the present vexed situation.

* * *

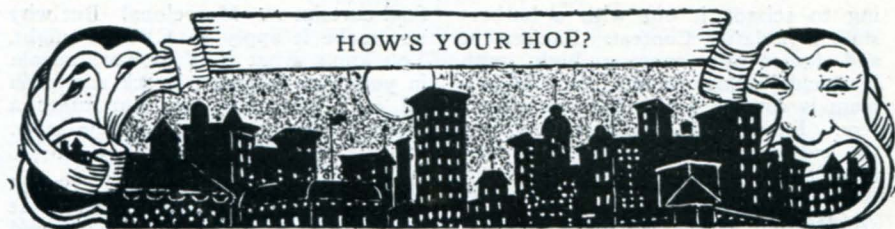
We heard, to our astonished surprise, the other afternoon some vocal renderings by Pat Kyne and Johnny Ferris. Now, all we'll say is, if it leaks out, these kids are goin' to be sent for by Gatti when the Metro opens next season!

WINTER GARDEN DRUG STORE

WINTER GARDEN
BUILDING

Offer while supply lasts
the following:

Coty's L'Origen	
Reg. 2 oz. size	- - - \$4.75
Guerlain's Lip Stick	
Gold Case, Reg. 2.25 size	1.29
Guerlain's Lip Stick	
Leather Case, Reg. 1.65	.98
Also carry Flaconettes	
18 odors of the most famous French Perfumes at	1.00



Hark! The Cuckoo is Callin'

Which is it, 100 or 150 cigarettes that Alice Brady is said to smoke per day?

Didst ever know that Eileen Wilson had a sure enough hubby—and he played right out in "Spinach Love" too? And isn't true there was a rift in the lute? And is our memory correct in recalling the diaphonous nighties that Eileen wore right in the same theatre in "Too Many Blondes"?

Wasn't that a frisky O'Sullivan that Lester Allen and Billie Birmingham shook the night the Shelburne opened?

Where would the snake have bit Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's movie "The Great Moment" if the scenario dept. hadn't stepped in just in time and put the forceps on the kick?

Has Artie Hammestein recently confessed that it is the "home" stuff he likes after all, but that none of the kiddos could see it?

Isn't it truly affecting to see the Gish girls back in the Griffith movie foundry? For those incidents were crool, crool!

Ingratiating, isn't it, to hear that Paul Swan, of that deal Ellie Glyn, has a sculp studio in Paris and turns out principally nude staters of himself?

Aren't you getting sick of the Chaplin-Collins "marriage" rot, especially after being bored foolish by the slush on the Keaton-Talmadge hitching.

Isn't it about time someone called a halt on the infant dancing prodigies?

What is the true "inside" of the cancelled contract of Nazimova and Metro? Has Naz's almost insufferable Ritz got anything to do with it?

What's the laugh when Jean Acker blamed it on Broadway for hubby Valentino's lapses? Is it true Valley got all smeared up long ago via a hoofing joint in Frisco and the Movie Colony?

Can it be credited that Katherine MacDonald pulls down four thousand per? And some of the prune factories advertising for help?

Didst know that Frankie Farnum and Cecile Arnold visited the passon three weeks ago?

Is it true that all is not flowers and sunshine in the Vincent Astor menage on West 65?

Don't you think the deplorable Nora Bayes ought to be happy with De Wolf and Lew? She's taken 'em at her own age and weight at last.

Is it a mild case of Ritz with comedian Jess Dandy? Or just relief after hunting a job for two or three years?

Impressive Address by Dr. Theodore Kohler Before American School of Naturopathy

The Famous Chiropractor Sets Forth His Philosophy of Healing

Not long since, Dr. Theodore Kohler, of 464 West 24th street, this city, the internationally known Chiropractor and Psycho-Analyst, was invited to speak before the Faculty of the American School of Naturopathy, 119 West 74th street. On that occasion this eminent man brilliantly summarized the aims, objects and psychology of the healing methods to which he has

the power of this: 'Take up thy bed and walk.' It exemplifies the power of the spoken word—and indeed it is my conviction, sustained by years of experience, that the emanation of thought, expressed in the living word, with the active expression of deed, is the healing medium in every case. . . . Action, expression of deed—what is meant by that? . . . It is the practical learning and applications of hydrotherapy, massage, and to my conviction the learning of the greatest of all drugless systems of healing, CHIROPRACTIC. The mechanical freeing of the blocked nerve-paths, so that, according to Chiropractic philosophy, it enables innate intelligence to do its work. As psychologists you learn to remove what are known as thought-complexes. You remove the mental cause of the subluxation, which usually is a conception of injustice towards the Ego—the result of accumulated fears. You penetrate into the mysteries of Diet — what the body really needs, how to clean the system. . . . The supreme court of the individual is his Ego. The center of interest of the Ego is Choice. Will carries out Choice—and that is Justice. Through all this we reach over to the social aspect of Drugless Healing—'Rational Living' the slogan. Individuals may and do differ, but the larger issue can never be involved."

devoted his life—and devoted it so nobly and effectively. Said he in part: "Originality of thought and fearlessness in expression are the fundamental qualities necessary for the drugless physician. . . . The blessings of Democracy, experienced in my own body, developed me from a weakling into an athlete. I searched for the cause, and can express my findings in the sentence: Psycho-Analysis based upon the principles of Democracy. . . . Wonderful deeds have been accomplished by drugless physicians in all ages, but outstanding among all is



These brilliant words of this brilliant man are worth serious reading, and re-reading by every one who scans the pages of BREVITIES. They embody the *rationale* of Dr. Kohler's healing acts—they summarize all that he has thought, felt and done in years of CHIROPRACTIC activity. His insight daily grows more profound, his store of philosophy richer, his success in health-restoration greater,

It may interest the reader to know that the photograph which accompanies this review was exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art as the accepted Christ type, and now hangs in the National Gallery of Fine Arts at Washington.

Pull 'em down, Gert!—You're a Big Girl Now!

Did anyone ever remark the striking resemblance of voice and appearance of Jean Barriemore to Ethel Levy?

What was that rumor concerning the arrest of a well-known Broadway agent for practices incompatible with Section umpty-ump of the Penal Code?

Isn't it cute, the "Platonic split" carried out by Sylvia Green and hubby John R. Green? Sounds like a new step or some new brand of table water!

Wasn't it sad when comedian Dickie Carle was caught with the chorine and the hootch in Fort Wayne?

Doesn't Larry Weber act lonesome like?

Isn't it just Natalie now? Used to be Natalie and Ferrari.

Did Eddie S— almost cause a riot in Mother Childs one night recently by paying the check?

Who is the actor who declares he won't "Gordonise" any longer?

Has anyone heard how up-stage Lucy Cotton got along on her yacht trip?

Why did Phyllis tire of her war hero? The scrap is over.

Is Jimmie Stillman copyrighting the soulful expression, "Papoose Love"?

Is Phil K— now "conjugating" the woid broker as "broke"?

Is young Bob Baer who draped his legs over the stage box that night, and got in a cop's hands, any relative of ol' fren' Doc Baer?

Wasn't that just too turrible that Doc Crane's son Jimmie was unable to collect \$1,320,000, and will have to wait until he's eighty to get it?

Why did Barney Randall refuse to answer when lawyer Goldsmith asked him in Special Sessions: "Are you a good actor?"

Is it true that Hermosa Hose (what's the private monicker?) is on the way to the old divorce mill? How Spanish these chorines do become.

Who was the lydy whose alleged naughtiness brought her down to lowly Jefferson Market, where she found—count 'em—six sweeties ready to dig for the fine? Ask Harry Heheimer.

Why did Eistler, the genial steward of the Fifty-Fifty, leave when he was awsked to explain whose thoity bottles of Budweiser were found in the place?

Did he declare they didn't belong to him—go up or get out! He got.

Is "Catherine" DEAD yet? Please page H. M.

What famous law firm has two cullud gen'lmen on its force?

What noted attorney is said to have donated his ample cellar to certain celebrities of the Bench?

Ever see Montague Love's movie "valet"?

SUGGESTION: Why not make Admiral Sims commander of the British Navy and be done with it?

* * *

When you mumble your order to the beanery waiter you little dream of the verbal aspects of said order when he bawls it in the kitchen. In most of the white-front emporiums in which prune and bean blasting goes on all day they have a terminology all their own. Here are a list of some of the names and nicknames furnished by one of the white wings:

Boiled Eggs—"Adam and Eve"
Poached Eggs—"Adam and Eve on a raft"
Griddle Cakes—"A stack of whites"
Roast Beef—"Irish chicken"
Beefsteak—"Slaughterer one"
Coffee—"One black"
Sausage—"Dried policeman"
Beans—"A slab of musicians"
Lamb fries—"Mountain oysters"
Coffee—"One dark without the sow"

* * *

It is pleasing to note the progress made in pictures by Hope Hampton. Her popularity grows with each new

release, and she has now accumulated the following of "movie fans" that always accompanies stardom in the screen world.

* * *

Walter Windsor—Dead Head

See our old friend Walter Windsor has broken out again with a revue at Coney Island. There is no reason why we should even mention the unimportant Walter, except his name recalls his immortal agility as a "free notice" hound. About two years ago Wallie got in touch with BREVITIES and informed this sterling family sheet that he intended to take big advertising spreads in a short time, and wouldn't we just run three or five or nine lil reading notices for him preparatory to the grand publicity splurge. We fell for it—and are still waiting for the ads! From what we can hear, this brazen purloiner of valuable press space worked the same dodge on several other dramatic weeklies. Walter is air-tight—hermetically sealed. He is the inventor of Portland Cement, Fish Hooks and One-Way Pockets.

\$100.00 Prize Contest!

¶ We want a ten-word prophecy on the financial outlook. ¶ The *best* letter will win a prize of one hundred dollars. ¶ Winner will be announced in August issue of BREVITIES.

Address, CONTEST DEPT.

WINTHROP SMITH & CO.

STOCKS AND BONDS

1556 Broadway, New York

Assorted Wheezes

From the Wheezery of Robert Hage

Some Catch

"Goin' fishin'?"

"Yep. Just remembered I lost a jug of hootch in the lake last year?"

Perverted Proverbs

Reading maketh a dull man

Pride cometh after intoxication

Truth is more dangerous than fiction

It's an ill wind doesn't blow somebody good and hard

Beauty is only skinned deep

Once "burned up"—twice shy

More Important

"Goin' to Europe fer yer health?"

"Nope. For my thirst!"

How Unwomanly!

Least, there's one thing to be said for the phonograph. It can be shut off at will.

A Suggestion

Judging from some recent pictures we've seen, the word "footage" is a misprint. They should say "mileage."

Proper Spot

"For this serial we ought to have an extraordinary gorgeous setting—some millionaire's villa, some castle on the Rhine" drolled the movie director.

"Why not use the star's home" quoth his assistant.

Asking Too Much

Director: "You did not register love right in that scene!"

Movie Star: "Howinell could I when you cast my husband opposite?"

Even There They're Fussy

The Censorship Board of Jungletown were aghast.....For they discovered that the star had left one bead off her string.....Whereupon they refused to issue a permit.

How Would Briggs Have Felt?

"Did you visit the old swimming hole on your trip home?"

"Yes—but it's a joke now. It was full of Mack Sennett bathing girls."

Thinking Ahead

Director: "In this picture you leap off a thousand foot cliff."

Actor: "Say, hadn't you—er—better shoot that scene last?"

The Very Idea!

Studio Mgr.: "Why did you start on that western feature today?"

Director: "Impossible. The star forgot it was on this morning, and went and got shaved."

Won't Be That Way Much Longer

"What sent the bank to the wall?"

"A movie star drew out a whole week's salary yesterday."

Stella, Where Art Thou?

There's a concern called "The Girls' Protective League" on 22d street that seems to be a rather curious organism. On seeing an interview in one of the papers with its supposed Secretary, Stella Miner, in which the League's heroic aim to rescue young dolls from the grasp of wicked *roues* was set forth, and sort of being in the rescuing business ourselves, we sat us down and addressed the charming Stella, inquiring what we could do for her. This was six weeks ago. But Stella must have been out getting a permanent wave in her hair or doing her hot weather shopping, for as God is our Judge we're still waiting for reply. When it comes to results on the old phone co's apparatus, you don't fare much better with the "Protective," as their switchboard seems to take a rest from early Saturday over to some time Monday. If there are any gels needing "protection" in the interval, they're goin' to be out of luck.....What kind of organization is this, anyhow?

* * *

The Cancer of the "Dance Hall"

Is it true, as reported, that most of the more prominent dance halls, against which numerous complaints have been lodged, are so "protected" that they can continue to run any old way with both impunity and immunity? If this be so, it is an outrage beyond description. The "dance hall," as totally distinct from the reputable, well-conducted, high-class dance restaurants of Broadway, offers more sources of deadly danger to the morals of New York's young girls than did ever the resorts of the old Tenderloin. The joints of the old Tenderloin were labelled and patent, but the so-called "dance hall" hides its moral filth under the cloak of respectability and the pretence of a popular recreation. There is one dance hall so notorious for its disorderly character that it is a matter of joking comment on Broadway, and this despite Dr. Straton's memorable crusade and necessarily the full knowledge of the authorities.

* * *

Ever hear the story of Betty Mudge's offer of marriage, with 200,000 yen tacked on it? All right! No harm meant.

Has the Old Doc Arisen from His "Ashes"?

Be still, pounding heart! Fevered brain, be cool! It may not be true—there's still a hope. Old Doc Baer, funeral impresario, may NOT have started in biz for himself as reported. The new "Fifth Avenue Memorial" may NOT be his recrudescence. If it IS, then we're probably in for another session. Of those delightful divagations on death, those exquisite compositions on cremation, those airy disquisitions on the cost of coffins. That it may be so, may God in his mercy forbend. But truth compels that we have missed him—missed him through many an issue—since last the old Doc emitted his famous cantatas on Campbell's. The Old Doc is the real humorist of our day, for he has no sense of humor at all, and therefore is glorious copy..... We shall sit in the watch-tower—and wait.—*Later*—Yes, he's in again.

* * *

ANXIOUS NOTE—It it true Ruth Roye's going to get hitched?

* * *

Illustrating the thoughtfulness of the Palace Theatre management as regards the comfort of the performers, we note that an orange drink stand has been installed near the stage entrance, at which any of those appearing on the weekly bills may slake their thirst gratis. These are the sort of acts that have helped, under Mr. Albee's direction, to make the Keith chain of theatres a really human institution.

GREENWICH VILLAGE INN

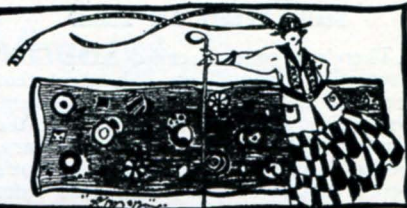
Famous restaurant of the Village

Barney Gallant, *Manager*

SHERIDAN SQUARE

Opposite Greenwich Village Theatre

A Day in "Special Sessions"



Ever been in jail? Pardon us, we mean in court. It feels like jail. The average citizen, bidden to give testimony in any court ranging from that of the cosey little room of Municipal jurisprudence all the way down the list, including Jefferson Market and winding up with a lugubrious jolt in, say, Special Sessions, feels about the same as the guy in the death cell engaged on his final ham and eggs.

When you slope into one of those familiar long, oak benches your sins rise up to confront you. Your conscience reminds you that in a lifetime, more or less extended, you have been guilty of the most opprobrious crimes. Gee! they all crowd back on you. You were two days late on that income tax remittance; God knows how many married wrens have put their arms confidingly about your dastard neck; you've done eight tailors out of their bill; one time you—but no matter. A still, small voice tells you that YOU could fitly sit up there with an attorney under almost any old kind of a charge and probably get six months three or four times a year. You feel that, once you mount to the witness chair, the Judge may indeed *know all about it*, may recognize you, exclaiming "So here you are, Fred!" and ask the Clerk to draw an immediate commitment. In fact you feel about the same as a sensitive man in a department store. He's convinced the store detective has spotted him, the minute he enters, as a notorious kleptomaniac.

We felt that way the other morning in Special Sessions. Hasn't that label a terrifying sound? "Special Sessions." It is the Frankenstein of courts. No tailor's bills get in there. You've got to kill your tailor to become eligible. That would always be a pleasant occurrence if done by someone else. "Special Sessions." Here you have the delightful experience of seeing three justices on the bench. Two may be asleep, but one is always wide awake. Justice Kernochan, whose charm of personality is such you wonder he ever could bring terror to anyone, presided the morning we were there. We went to testify for our old friend, Johnny Livingston. Johnny, who represents movie people, was there because a complaint had been lodged he was doing business without a license. After eight years of successful, unmolested operation, serving notable screen performers, Harry MacRae Webster and one Beastly (pardon we mean Beasley) a cameraman, who owed large amounts to Johnny, had gone and started the trouble for their faithful friend and benefactor. All Johnny had done for Beasley was get him a one hundred dollar increase in salary. All he'd done for Webster (often called the Ankle Inspector) was jump him from \$150.00 to \$750.00 per week. Allied with these birds, and also in debt to Johnny, was one Barney Randall, but he and Beasley alone appeared for the prosecution, and they looked mighty shamefaced about it. A nominal fine of \$25.00 was imposed it being shown almost conclusively to the court that Johnny's services to his clients practically comprehended their entire management—that he was not, and never pretended to be, a mere agent, but a Manager. His own array of distinguished witnesses was a sufficient rebuke to the Judases who had betrayed him.

"Special Sessions!" Some place!

"Imitators Waste Their Time"



Just Back
from Paris!

Dear Friends:

Have just returned from an extended tour including Paris and London, with the most wonderful styles ever brought to this country.

Come to my shop and see the large number of original French Models I have for your selection, together with an array of imported materials of all kinds, not to be matched elsewhere. My shop hereafter will show only exclusive French creations, and at the same attractive prices that have won the enormous professional trade that comes to "Adele Hats." Hoping to see both old and new friends,

Sincerely yours,
"ADELE."

160 West 45th St.
May 16.

Hitting a "Triangle" on All Three

Allegations and rumors of all sorts float thickly on Broadway concerning the peculiar situation which transpired immediately after the death of a celebrated theatrical producer. It is in essence a tale of the same old "triangle" that has jacked up many an otherwise anemic stage offering. In this case, however, the curious part is that, although the celeb. producer was said to have been only legally separated from the wife of his bosom (attorney in the matter being Wm. Travers Jerome) the alien tip of the triangle, a once-noted actress, who had nursed deceased through a long illness, said to have posed for some years as his legal and lawful wife. For four years the lady has lived luxuriously in the Fifth avenue 600's. This

of course refers to street numerals and not to social position. With her, in all her vicissitudes of triangle strife, assisting as guide, philosopher and friend, has been "the mumma," who is reported to have shared liberally in the bounty of her daughter's benefactor as a small appreciation for services rendered. We are told that the deceased steadfastly refused the divorce offered by his legal wife, for the stated reason that he had no desire to marry the triangular mate, who, incidentally was named as co-re at the time Mr. Jerome put through the separation proceedings. The will was filed a few days ago cutting the wife off completely, but she decided to contest it. And it is rumored that a private compromise has been reached that has "ironed" the *impasse* out.

SOME CHICKENS COME HIGH!

Some fine day—God forbid it may come in this century!—Harold Shattuck, of the Schrafft Restaurant Co., will, in the course of our common mortality, stand before the Judge of all mankind. And he is going to be confronted on that occasion with one of his chicken plates. There will be a price tag on it, \$1.25, and the All-just is going to make certain interrogations. Harold will be asked to explain the price-tag. Previously shin-plastered at 90c. this delectable exhibit of the Schrafft menu took a sudden hop about one and a half years ago to \$1.25. Since that date everything has come down except skirts, but the good old Schrafft chicken plate remains obdurate. It must have suffered *some* emotion, for it has shrunk considerably, perhaps in shame at its unblushing cost. We are not food experts, nor are we versed on calories or the niceties of kitchen economics, but we are here to offer the modest opinion that the average chicken plate at Schrafft must contain at least twenty cents' worth of fowl, and at least five cents' worth of vegetables. If dead chicken costs at that rate, no wonder a live "chicken" comes so high!!

"CALL COLUMBUS 8200!" AND PAGE MR. BUCKNER

That was some explosion when Buckner's revue blew up at Reisenwebers a month ago. Everyone is rather sorry for Arthur, who put a whole lot of energy, even if he didn't put his own cash, in this ambitious attempt to "come back." Mrs. Ursula Rogers happens to be the chief mourner. Mrs. Rogers, who we understand has never been of the profession, did not realize the dangers attending a revue with a cast of 35 in Prohibition times, or she probably never would have "angelled" the affair, and Mr. Buckner's previous efforts in the revue line were assuredly not such as to justify very rosy hopes of a triumphant success. We said the night we saw it that he had only one artist in the whole outfit—Miss Yvette Quinn by the way—from whom, if we mistake not, some important work is to be expected. In fact there wasn't a chance, and on the very opening night the knell of doom could be heard faintly sounding. In fact one week later it is said that Mrs. Rogers was obliged hurriedly to hypothecate a \$2,000 diamond ring so the salaries could be met and the show persuaded to go on. Then the Equity stepped in, and it was only a matter of counting the hours to the final smash. Costumer Howard, who holds the long-distance champ. on the outfitting of busted shows, got nailed for a tidy bill of over eighteen hundred berries. What happened to the trusting publications that took ads. is too, too mournful to relate. At present a squad of creditors are busily engaged in playing the delightful old game entitled, "Buckner, Buckner, who's got the Buckner?"

**Peggy Baker! Peggy Baker! Hey—
Where Are You?**

Friend of ours who has a beautiful apartment house on the west fifties wants to see ye! Hurry up! He's anxious. He acted awfully nice in letting you have that suite on the promise of the "check" due to arrive "first of the month" and, durn it, you jest packed up while he was out getting a prescription and vamped. Didn't even leave your regards. And then went and glued yerself in his friend's place for a week, and stole off again minus a farewell. Oh, Peggy, you're dreadful! Why don't you take a Memory Course, or something? Why don't you—but, honest, Peggy, you're terrible.

* * *

This had to be asked some time or other, so why not now—"Isn't it about time that Alverta Gray gave up Joe?" We don't know who "Joe" is—maybe he's just one grand fellow—but there you are, somebody wants to know, and it's a shame if no one hops around to explain.

* * *

It's no headquarters for a nervous man these hot nights across the street from the dressing-room side of some of the theatres. The little girlies feel the heat, and naturally push up the window, result being that more anatomical "disclosures" are made than in a suit with ten co-respondents. The other evening several of the local constabulary noted a fast-growing mob near Broadway, all looking in one direction, viz. the intimate side of a certain show-house. Following the dotted line a sight met their eyes such as the young Romans used to dote over in their ancient games of mixed bathing. One husky cop was seen to stagger slightly, while nervous shivers shimmied under his brass buttons. However, the outcome was that the theatre management were admonished to "pull down the blinds," the gang dispersed, and nothing could be heard but the soft purring of a riveting machine and the mournful mewing of the stage cat which had just messed its nose in a box of make-up cream in mistake for the real article.

* * *

Much of your comfort in visiting Schrafft's at 38 and Broadway is due to the charming hostess, Miss Mary Lindley.

* * *

Why did Helen Lewis dash off to Saint Looley so suddenly?

A press notice states that Phoebe Lee has the most flaming red hair on Broadway, and that her Titian locks will grace Georgie White's Scandals. How come that Hubby Kaufman of Pittsburg still allows Feeble Phoebe to grace the front line of tights?

* * *

Yvonne Hughes, the Mona Lisa of the Century Roof, did a disappearing act for about two months. Tell us, Yvonne, did you go back to Pittsburg? But why not give the unimportant ones the "air" and get somewhere. The continual round of parties means nothing but loss of sleep and beauty. So why keep up the pace?

* * *

A little bird whispers to us that the fair Helen Shaw is engaged to be married to a very wealthy squire from out of town. More power and success to you, Helen.

* * *

When is Frank Hale really going to enter the publishing business?

* * *

"Emaline" has at last arrived. It was Lincoln Loper's life ambition to put over a real song hit, and as "Emaline" has been bought by Remick's, he must have attained his goal.

* * *

If you want to see the elite of Broadway's night life and society mix, just drop in on one of those Wednesday midnight performances of "Shuffle Along" at the 63rd street Music Hall. Frisco got so excited there one night he actually tore up one of those \$1.69 straw hats in ecstasy.

* * *

Why won't Harry K.—accept that present of a Long Beach bungalow? And wouldn't it interfere with his plans for running over to Europe this summer?

* * *

Leave it to Al Sanders to bob up in unusual places. He is now in Atlantic City running the Friars Inn. Of all the odd places!!!

* * *

Pearle Jessica Frank is enjoying an extended season at the Blackstone, Atlantic City. Well, there is at least one consolation down at Atlantic City—they have no Mullan-Gage enforcement law, and that really makes things so much pleasanter.

* * *

Has Margie Heims told you the Mc-Alpin story yet?

GUS SCHULT, of the famous "Pavilion, Ben Hur," at City Island, has always been celebrated as a host, and long lines of motor cars are filing out these hot evenings in the direction of his beautiful road house. Ye Ed and superior "half" were the delighted recipients of his courtesy on two different occasions—the formal opening and Frankie Farnum's opening one week later. On both occasions the distinguished gathering of guests sampled with many expressions of satisfaction the triumphs of the "Ben Hur" kitchen and enjoyed the music, dancing and impromptu program by stars. Gus Schult has the happy art of making you feel that YOU are specially expected and that the place is yours and the fulness thereof. The "Ben Hur" is situated so charmingly, the ride is so cooling and the hospitality so fine that you could do no better than make it your rendezvous.

* * *

On page 39 Adele, of ADELE HATS, announces her return from Paris. She has brought a large variety of French models, and half a ship-load of the newest materials for trimming purposes, and she claims that her display of the latest French fashions in smart hats will be unexcelled in the city.

* * *

Wouldn't it be nice now, if Dorothy Klewer could only give us a few real tips on the ponies?

* * *

Good news! ADELE'S back from Paris. Yes, siree—and you ought to see, girls, what she's brought in hat novelties. Adele devoted a five weeks' trip to London and Paris to the interests of her customers, to get for them the very latest in "headpiece" novelties across the sea. When she showed us some of these dainties in headwear the other day, our head swam—and yours will, too, if you just hop over to 160 West 45th.

* * *

Ask Al Herman to tell you that one about the young colored fellow that went to work in the drugstore!

* * *

A friend of ours was asked the other day whether he believed in "free love."

"Yes," he replied, "When it doesn't cost me anything."

* * *

Out in Zion City they have issued a ukase against abbreviated corsage. Although they are against the Low

Neck we suppose they'll still continue to serve the Little Neck!

* * *

ANNA SPENCER, Inc. report the greatest "hot weather" season in their history, despite all reports of shows closing, hard times, etc. Their business is founded on such solid and far-reaching lines that it is practically unaffected by the fluctuations theatrically. No less than 15 new shows, as a matter of cold figures, have been outfitted by ANNA SPENCER in the past three months. How is that for "going some"? Ask genial Billy Riordan. And, girls, did you ever look at the stock of "readys" in dresses and suits carried incidentally by this famous costuming house?

* * *

Just as we go to press we learn that George C. Hazelton, one of the adapters of the great Century Theatre success "Aphrodite," lies almost at the point of death at his home, 142 East 18th street. The distinguished playwright was stricken with cancer in February of this year, affecting the back of his neck, and every resource of medical art has failed to stop its progress.

* * *

Grace Armour to Elope?

Overheard by our little birdie at the Lafayette a few evenings ago: That Grace Armour, formerly of the "Frolic" and now in Fox comedies, plans to elope to Greenwich, Ct. with that famous dentist-man Dr. M——? Gracie, by the way, is signed for nex' season with Belasco. . . Get your rice ready!

* * *

What's all this shootin' about P. A. Harry Herts?

* * *

Recent Municipal Court judgments: BREVITIES vs. Esther G. (Princess) White Deer, \$35.00; BREVITIES vs. Jean Granese, \$50.00.

* * *

Why is it that Miss Kearns, formerly of the Century, has such a short memory after she partakes of one or two high-balls?

* * *

Having recently finished a very successful Broadway season, the ever-popular Violet Bristow will spend the summer vacation in the Catskill Mountains where she owns an unusually smart bungalow.

"Nearly everybody
worth while reads
Cosmopolitan"

"America's Greatest Magazine"

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? ? ? ?

Did you know that Signor Borgo, manager at Castle's last year, is in Paris?

When Betty Martin took her trip to Oklahoma. Who was sorry?

Is it right or wrong for Mat Mansfield to be in the act "Right or Wrong"?

Will someone please elucidate the mystery of Hitchy taking that home at 410 West 24?

Bet you've often wondered what ever became of Flo Shortell? Well, Flo's been married for a year and living in the west.

Is it true blackmail gang got \$90,000 from DuPont and \$125,000 from Charlie Schwab? Not to mention a few others.

B. F. Keith's

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